

MY FIRST SITTER.

(Continued.)

I had emerged from the Slade School after several years of art study, which, deeply conscious of the danger of, I was painting the masses of brown form in every conceivable position. Italian models had become positively loathsome to me. I knew three or four dark-brown skins, dark hair and eyes. I knew their bones and muscles by heart. A skeleton stood in my small studio at home. I had drawn it in ink and ink over and over again. Even my dreams were filled with visions of bones and muscles, and when I asked my friends I would mentally strip them of their flesh and see their skeletons—such was the result of *toujours druidic or toujours anatomy!* The anatomy of my studies extinguished my ardor for an art which seemed dead of men and muscles.

So one day I made up my mind to go and worship at the shrine of the old masters in the National Gallery to see if the great priests could inspire and kindle in me the sacred fire that was inspiring art. I wandered through that temple of art, filled with awe and wonder at the magnificent works that surrounded me. Yes, I would try to copy one of these chefs d'œuvre, whichever of them just then most appealed to my fancy. I found it difficult to decide. At last I fixed on the portrait of Andrea del Sarto painted by himself. The melancholy, handsome face, with the sad eyes, fascinated me. Of this splendid collection it was the portrait which attracted me most. I recalled Browning's lines:

"Often am I much wearier than you think—this evening more than usual!—
I know what I do, am unmoved by men's
blame or praise either."

I took the measure of the canvas, and that day week (the National Gallery is only open to copyists twice a week, Thursdays and Fridays), set to work with a fine determination to render just full justice to the master of the life drawing. I thought over his life, his art; his worship of a life so utterly unworthy of him every day, one who through her love of money ended by bringing disgrace on his name. Nowonder his eyes should be so sad and his beautiful mouth tremulous with repressed feelings.

I began to paint. Now came the tug war. The eyes I painted were like a pair of living black beads. The nostrils, instead of expressing sensiveness, seemed as though they inhaled smell which not even the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten. I was inwardly creating the difficulties I had brought myself when I became conscious of presence behind me. I was too grossed in my work to take particular notice, but the presence drew nearer, and then I saw the master of the life, and a clumsy pair of muddy boots evidently belonging to the masculine gender. The wearer of the boots coughed; it was not a big cough, but a series of little husky sounds that irritated me. I longed for him to choke and expire on the spot. If he were to remain much longer I felt I must certainly inflict some stains of paint on his iron.

"Admirable, beautiful!" exclaimed a voice with Scotch intonation.

I turned round, my face flushing, as this individual making fun of my efforts, or was he in earnest? If the latter, then he must in art matters be an ignoramus.

I beheld a stout, elderly man with a droll, jovial countenance; a large verdilion nose with a couple of buds of nostrils springing from the main stem, looking as if it were in the way of them; full-grown nooses; his small nose eyes twinkled pleasantly; his whiskers were gray, long, and bushy, and he placidly weeper. He was attired in a tweed, heather-colored suit, and looked like a Scotch tourist out on holiday.

"Excuse me for intruding you," he said, looking at his hat and displaying a black head with a fringe of gray hair that stood erect, "but I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of your clever work. Already I like it better than the original; it is not so dark and it is smoother; you are a selfless lassie. Now, would you mind undertaking a portrait? I am rather desirous to have my old girl painted for my only relation, a sister who lives in London."

I was so taken aback by the suddenness of this request that I could scarcely answer; I had never before received a commission.

"I have never painted a portrait," I uttered, leaning on my mah-stick, palette and brushes in hand; but I have seen studying art for several years."

"Well, with me the beginning is the end," he said. "Saying this he planted himself well in front of me, so that I had a thorough good view of him. There could not be a more striking contrast in the beautiful, refined, melancholy Andrea del Sarto than that presented by this elderly, highly-colored old Scot—his heather trousers bugged in the knees, a thick gold chain reposed in his well-developed gastronomic region."

"What sized portrait would you like?" he asked, and shouldered, or one with the hands included?"

"Down as far as the knees," he answered, stroking his trousers. "While am about it I may as well go in for a big picture. Now business is business; may I ask what your terms are for a portrait?"

"I wish I was the younger and better looking. That is not a fault of mine." He said this with a genial smile which improved his plain countenance.

"My terms for a portrait? Allow me to consider."

"Yes, take your time. I have been looking round the gallery and I really don't much like the old masters; they were just as fat, just look at the woman by Rembrandt; I am sure she can't paint better than that. Your work is nice and smooth and shiny; this is thick and dull."

"I paint better than Rembrandt!"

"Yes; I consider him a dufer."

"But in the case of the very greatest of painters. I admire him immensely, and only wish I could ever produce anything that might remind any one of his work. He is the greatest master of *chiaroscuro!*"

"What does that mean? But no matter. I don't admire him, and, if you wish to please me, don't paint my portrait with lumps of paint. Now, turning round and looking at me steadily, he said, 'I will let lumps in your face, you are quite smooth.'"

"And not shiny like *l'hopé!*" I said this smiling merrily, for I have it now was arguing art questions with this jovial Philistine.

"My picture must be smooth, shiny, with a clean white shirt, and all my ornaments neatly painted; my coral neckties, and," taking off a bright yellow old glove, "this ring; it is a carbuncle with associations. I want it painted—so that, represent me as I am, just as I am, and I will pay you as much as you know me."

"All right. This picture would give me a carbuncle, and never could I have my portrait painted. But I can't do it on the small measure, and this is the best I can do."

"If you wish the hands included I will do it," he said.

[illegible]

and was quite alone now.

"Ah, lassie!" he exclaimed. "I am a very solitary man now, with no one to care really for me, but I feel that the spirits of my lost ones hover constantly around me. My wife and my farm laborer men, my friends and family take as much interest in their welfare. I have built a club for the men and a school for their children on my estate."

While he talked I watched his face, and noticed the extreme benevolence of the expression.

That day, seeing the piano opened, he asked me as a great favor to play for him.

"I shall sing 'Highland Mary' for you."

He sat behind me, but as there was a looking-glass in front of me I could see his face, and was surprised at the strong emotion it betrayed; his face grew almost white, while tears stood in his blue eyes.

"The golden hours on angel's wings
Have passed like me and my dearie;
For sweet to me all life and light,
Was my dearie Highland Mary."

"Po, dear! I'll," he exclaimed, "what a treat to hear you sing! You have the voice of an angel."

I sang "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Dundee."

The handkerchief was in constant requisition; I heard him sob out loud.

"You have moved me, lassie, to the core."

"No, sir," I said; "stand up more; it will bring back too strongly the days of old lang syne; so you must pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

He left me, looking greatly agitated, and with red eyes, promising to return in a couple of days, at the same hour, for a three-hours' sitting.

The chills and trouble I had over this portrait cannot be described. Some days it was fearfully like the country inn, where I stand here, and the likeness would vanish. I did not wish to render merely the features of the man, but sought to bring out his inner character.

"I never saw so painstaking a lassie," he remarked one day. "You are so absorbed, so much in earnest, you surely must succeed."

It was not long before I went to see Mr. Cameron, but you are a difficult subject. It is the expression which I find difficult to render. Just now the portrait is passing through a variety of stages truly appalling.

That afternoon as Mr. Cameron was departing my brother came in. I saw him casting a suspicious look through the eyeglass at my sister.

"Don't be afraid," he remarked with his cynical smile. "I cannot congratulate you on the beauty of your sitter; he looks like a cattle-drover. And what a nose, by Jove! I expect he is fond of the whiskey-bottle!"

He went into my studio and gave vent to a loud guffaw.

To Well, Ursula, you have succeeded; this is hideously, brutally like the old cover. I would do for a sign-post in the country inn. Drunken Silenus, or mine host with a tankard of beer and a long clay pipe; but it is vulgar."

"Do you think so?" I exclaimed, very dependent; "is it a failure, Jack?"

"No, it is too like," and he laughed again; "but there is such a thing as being too true; you have softened nothing. No, that nose is an exact rendering of the original, pimples, and color."

That night I was in despair. I took the portrait up to my bedroom, placed it on the easel facing my bed, hoping that on awakening next morning after a refreshing sleep I should see what was wrong, and where I could flatter and tone down defects. I had a nightmare that night, and the portrait seemed that of an enemy with at least half a dozen swollen vermillion noses.

I had a dim sensation of getting out of my bed, lighting a candle, fetching my palette and brushes, and, in my nocturnal garments and asleep, painting on the picture.

Next morning the housemaid came knocking with the hot water.

"Oh, miss!" she exclaimed, "what has happened to the picture? It is all sorts of colors, chiefly blue and yellow, and looks like a corpse. Oh, it is dreadful."

I sat up. What did I see? The portrait indeed looked like a decomposed corpse.

I must have worked at it in my sleep, Susan; you see my palette is full of color, and my brushes have painted on them. It is too, too vexatious—what shall I do? Get me the turpentine which is in the studio."

When I got the turpentine I managed to efface the nocturnal somnambulist work; but the fates were against me, and I wept bitterly. Was this picture going to be a failure?

Then Mr. Cameron came for his sitting; he noticed my dejected appearance, and asked me if anything had happened to annoy me.

"I have a headache." (What would we poor women do without our headaches?) for they cover such a multitude of sins and omissions.)

"You worry yourself too much about the picture," he remarked, "and I thought I am giving you. I had no notion that portrait-painting was so difficult."

"Yes, I am in a slough of despond."

I scraped and scumbled. After an hour's work the old ghost reappeared, and, strange to say, looked better than it ever did before—there was a pleasant surface to work on.

My greatest enemy more silent than usual, for his eyes rested on me with greater earnestness, and his manner was very sympathetic.

"You are a very hard-working lassie!" he exclaimed, "and so gifted. I shall be sorry when the sittings are over, for I have enjoyed your society too much almost."

"You have been very patient, Mr. Cameron," I said, "in coming to give me a few days' holiday, in order to allow your portrait to dry thoroughly."

On leaving that day Mr. Cameron held my hand longer than usual, and sighed.

Poor old man! I felt really sorry for him, he was lonely.

The next day being Thursday I went to the National Gallery and set to work on my copy of Andrea del Sarto; his face seemed more beautiful than ever. That day's work refreshed and comforted me.

That evening I received a letter from Harold telling me that he had something important to do, and was going to spend the night elsewhere. Most probably he was going to have a living, and, if so, our marriage would soon take place.

The next morning a magnificent bouquet of roses was left at the door for Miss Ward.

How nice of dear Harold to be so thoughtful!

Mr. Cameron mentally exclaimed while sniffing the glorious roses and enjoying the bright fast of color. The bouquet was wrung in from the fact that the artist had seen for the first time a card, which had escaped my notice:

"From Mr. Donald Cameron, with his very kindest regards."

Oh, so it was not from Harold! How kind of Mr. Cameron! Now, most really flatter him. Taking up portrait I did my very best to put in benevolent expression. I mellowed down the nose, and toned down the warm coloring of the face, and made

tion of benevolence. The black coat looked more like a fat pigeon's breast, and the coral studs were so prominent; the hands were not well painted, but the carbuncle ring was a triumph of skill.

When Mr. Cameron appeared again I fancied he looked thinner and paler than when I had last seen him. I thanked him for the bouquet.

"Ah, lassie, no more thanks. I have been a real happiness. I wish you would send me flowers from me every day."

"I would like to do something that might give you pleasure. I don't really know what I am to do when this portrait is over."

"You astonish me, Mr. Cameron, by regretting the sittings are over. Most people consider sitting for a portrait such a bore."

"Ah, no; not to a charming young gifted creature like you. You must remember I am a lonely old man, and seldom find my way into the society of young ladies."

"Would you like another peep at your portrait?" I said rather bravely, for I wished to put an end to the personal turn the conversation was taking.

"You have flattered me," he replied, marked, after looking at my performance for a few seconds in silence; "but I am nervous."

"I like to think that you have seen me such a kindly light."

"Shall I sing for you, Mr. Cameron?" You have sat long enough for me to-day."

I went to the piano, and while I was looking for some music in the rack Mr. Cameron sat down on the music-stool.

"Are you going to play for me?" he asked, smiling at him. "I should like to hear you so much."

He did not answer, but turned round and round on the stool, mopping the perspiration from his face with a scarlet handkerchief. There was a queer expression in his face; evidently he was suffering from a severe attack of nervousness.

He whirled round and round like a teetotum, the stool creaked and groaned under his weight. I fought, his eyes were wild, and he rolled about frightfully; I heard his voice, but it was so husky I could hardly distinguish the following words:

"I am a lonely, elderly man, but that is no reason why I should not have a heart, and I must tell you that"—now the stool gave a tremendous squeak—"I love you—yes I do. Will you give me some hope?" A loud knock at the door.

"Mr. Cameron, please don't say anything more on this subject; it is really too painful"; but before I could say another word Mr. Cameron was sprawling on the floor; the stool hit him given way. Harold walked in and we were locked in each other's arms, but I disengaged myself quickly.

"Oh, Mr. Cameron, I am so sorry," I said; "but I have sent for my porter, Harold."

"I have sent for my porter, Harold," who was a very shy young man, colored up; he had not noticed the prostrate form almost lying at my feet.

"Oh, allow me to help you; the stool has given way, I see," exclaimed Harold.

I could not look at Mr. Cameron, for I felt how wretchedly ill at ease he must be.

"I am a little faint," he muttered, getting up; "but the fresh air will help me up. I am going—where is my hat?"

I saw the hat; it had put it on the music-stool. Evidently he did not know what he was doing.

"Oh, Mr. Cameron, don't go yet," I said; "you have had a shake. The music-stool is not in good order. I am so sorry; do stay a little longer."

"No, I must go now, Miss Ward, I have stood too long; but allow me to congratulate you on your good luck in addressing Harold."

While his back was turned I rescued his hat from the music-stool.

"Now, Mr. Cameron, here is your hat, but I won't give you to tell you what I tell you when you will kindly come to me one more sitting, for I have not done justice to your expression. He has been such a patient sitter."

I marked, speaking to Harold. "Are we not friends, Mr. Cameron?"

"God bless you both! I wish you every happiness," and before I knew what he was about he pulled his hat from my hand and was on the door-step.

I never told Harold, or indeed to anyone, that Mr. Cameron had proposed to me; I felt grieved and uneasy. I have been guilty of kindling or misleading any way that dirty man who was so lonely? I sincerely hoped he would get some suitable, nice woman to be his wife, for I was almost young enough to be his daughter.

A few days after this last episode I received the following note from Mr. Cameron:

Dear Miss Ward,—I find that I must leave London immediately. There is no necessity for me to give you another sitting, as I am perfectly satisfied with the portrait you have painted of me. I have ordered a Venetian frame and a plate glass to fit it; the framer will call in a few days.

Please accept the inclosed check for £100. I don't think £60 could possibly repay you for the trouble and anxiety you have had, and as you are going to be married a little money is always useful. If you should have time to spare I should much like you to accept of another commission for me—i. e., a duplicate of the picture you are now duplicating in the Music Gallery when I first met you.

I should like to have it for my drawing-room in Scotland. With kindest wishes for your welfare, yours sincerely,

DONALD CAMERON.

I sent the copy of Andrea del Sarto to Mr. Cameron. Three months later I was married to Harold, and we went to live in a pretty villa in Devonshire. The money I earned from Mr. Cameron was certainly a help, but it is ever with a mixture of pleasure and pain I think of my first sitter! Never since have been asked to paint a portrait professionally.

Mr. Booth Loses His Footing.

A New York telegram says: During the performance of "Othello" at the Academy of Music to-night Mr. Booth, who was playing Iago to Salvini, Othello, lost his balance and fell across the footlights in such a way as to break the guard-chain. But for the intervention of several persons who were sitting in the front row he must have fallen into the orchestra. During the rest of the performance complaints were made by the audience that Mr. Booth was certainly of step and indistinct of utterance.

War Notice.

COLUMBIA, VA., April 28, 1862.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I have a badge with the following engraved on it, found in Columbia, N. H., Belvidere, Co., 1st Reg. Va. Inf.

If you will give me space in your paper, I will, if he found, send it to him.

J. MERCER SHAW.

Three fourths of the human family are personally interested in discovering a positive, safe, and speedy cure for Skin Diseases. After you try everything of Palmer's "Skin-Success" will cure you. At druggists'. Trade supplied by Purcell, Ladd & Co., Richmond. The Palmer Company, New York.

THE BOARD OF PLEASURE AT THE HYGIA HOTEL.
The German Men-of-War—Interchanges—Courtseries—Drill of the German Ball-Boys, &c.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.)

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.,
FORT MONROE, VA.,
April 30, 1886.

As a faithful chronicler of past events I am free to confess that the Lenten season was not so carefully observed by the young people as it has been here as would have been the case here if they had been in their own homes; but last week being Holy Week, but few of the young ladies were dancing, and the ball-room presented rather a deserted appearance. The morning hours were devoted to impromptu musicals held in the banquet-hall, where a number of richly-highly-cultivated voices were heard to great advantage. The mild and genial weather and the beautiful moonlight lured the young people to stroll on the beach in the evening. The presence of the German school ships *Luise* and *Musquito* in the Roads, with a number of distinguished young officers on board, had a strong tendency to divert the minds of the young ladies from religious affairs to secular concerns. Numerous sailing parties were arranged for the purpose of visiting the ships, the objective point being either one or the other of the ships, where they were always most cordially welcomed and handsomely entertained.

An invitation was extended by General Armstrong to the German officers to visit the Normal School, which was accepted, and the visit arranged for last Saturday afternoon. Half a dozen boats in tow of a steam-launch, with a band, a company of sailors, and all the officers not on duty, came to anchor at 2 P. M., and after taking a stroll on the beach, the German chaplain of the flotilla sailed up the Roads, the band playing some popular German music. Quite a number of visitors from the hotel took carriages and joined the friends at the school.

The officers were escorted to the stage of the assembly-room in the Hygma Hotel, and were welcomed in a short address by General Armstrong, when the students sang "The Waltz on the Rhine." The band of the *Luise* returned the compliment by playing the American anthem. The students then gave some of their plantation melodies, and thus an hour was most pleasantly employed. The sailors were then formed on the lawn and gave an exhibition drill, which excited the hearty applause of the spectators. The precision and order of the drill was wonderful, and illustrates the admirable discipline which obtains through the entire military and naval establishment of the German empire.

An informal reception at the officers' club-room in the Garrison was given to the German officers on Saturday evening, and on Monday General Tilden and staff were invited to a *dinner* at the club.

On Monday evening the ladies arranged a handsome German for their foreign friends, which was the season event of the season. It was choreographed by Mrs. Cooper of Pittsburgh, Mrs. Kelly of Chicago, and Mrs. Coates Charles A. Booth of the Garrison. The German officers attended in dress uniform (it is probable that no sailor in all this country was not arrayed in the uniform of the occasion), and were the envious of all eyes; for a baron and half a dozen counts are not found in ordinary every-day German. The refreshments were dancing, and a number of the German officers were provided for the occasion.

As the *Luise* was to sail on Wednesday, her officers gave a farewell reception to the ladies on board that evening on Tuesday afternoon. The officers of the *Luise* were present in full-dress uniform, and half a dozen boats were kept busy for an hour conveying the invited guests to the ship. The *Luise* was put in holiday attire to receive the visitors. The deck was covered in a canvas, and lighted with the appearance of a ball-room of the olden time. There was a profusion of flags, those of Germany and America being artistically intertwined, and an abundance of flowers and evergreens everywhere.

The visitors were shown all over the ship, and the whys and wherefores fully explained to the ladies, many of whom had never before visited a foreign ship. The officers of the *Luise* were especially interested in the handsome Krupp guns with which the *Luise* is armed, and no doubt would be for the fort would be armed with weapon so effective. In the mean time the band, which was hidden away some convenient nook, struck up a waltz, for the young people—half-dress, for the rest of the afternoon. Refreshments, in the form of chocolate, cake, and different kinds of wine, were served in abundance, together with a new kind of punch composed of Rhine wine and champagne. Captain Von Hantzville, the commander of the *Luise*, is a genial host, and certainly understands the art of entertaining his friends. Among the *curiosities* displayed a handsomely-carved cabinet of two hundred years' age, and a curious silver spoon, one of which was a gift of the Emperor of Austria to some of the Count's family plate.

The reception terminated at sunset, and the guests bade a reluctant farewell to their gallant friends. Many of the young ladies bore away a number of brass buttons of German manufacture as *souvenirs* of the visit, and were warmly remembered by both hosts and their guests.

On Wednesday at 2 P. M. the *Luise* got under way and slowly steameded up the Roads, bound to Bermuda. The piazzas were crowded with young ladies waving their adieux, which were warmly returned from the vessel's decks.

The *Musquito* will remain here till next Wednesday, when she will have been out on her present cruise for nearly three months.

The school-ships Portsmouth, Commander Silas W. Terry; Jamestown, Commander Charles V. Grilley; Saratoga, Commander William Whiting, came into the Roads on Wednesday afternoon from Lynnhaven where they have been assigned to duty. The school-ships came in with fair weather under a cloud of canvas, each displaying her home-ward-bound pennant, presenting a magnificent spectacle. Their arrival is most opportune, they will no doubt manage to recruit the young ladies to the loss of the German admirals. The ships will remain here a week or ten days, they will probably go to the North yard to take on coals and sit out the summer cruise on the coast.

On Thursday morning a party of young ladies, chartered by Mrs. J. C. Walker and Mrs. Cooper, came on a special car for Richmond, accept an invitation extended by Scott Carrington and his friends to a theatre party, and if they don't have a good time it will be on account of the railroad accident.

The judges of the State of Delaware are the most venerable in years

ex-Senator of the United States, is
 fifty-three years old; Justice How-
 is eighty, and so is Justice Har-
 who has been on the bench thirty years
 and is the only Republican there. Of
 called Salsbury is the youngest, and
 is sixty-six. He was the predecessor
 his brother, Eli Salsbury, in the United
 States Senate.

Are Notes.
 The Blenheim gallery is to be sold
 June, a few family pictures only
 withheld.

In Turin a new Raphael, it is be-
 lieved, has been found. It is a por-
 trait, and bears the words "bi-
 nio, 1497."

"Direct from the studios" is
 phrase used by artists in Philadel-
 on the occasion of the sale which
 place in Philadelphia last week. "Di-
 rect from the studios" sounds
 "Butter fresh from the dairy." Good
 pictures become stale or worn?

The Ottawa Art Association has
 its annual meeting. An increase of
 dents is noted. Government certificates
 are granted to students showing in-
 Among the patrons of the Associa-
 is the Princess Louise, who has sent
 a prize a water color painted by her-
 self.

According to a St. Louis journal
 portrait of General Lee, painted in 1861,
 has been discovered in a cellar in
 Louis badly damaged. The artist
 pointed it declares that General Lee
 for it, and that it is the picture we
 was exhibited and sold for the bene-
 of the southern relief fund.


There was a numismatist and arch-
 ologist in Turkey—the late S. S.
 Pasha. At his death he bequeathed
 the Sultan a supposed seal of the Pro-
 phet. The Prophet, according to the
 legend, had three seals—one of gold,
 of silver, and one of agate. It is
 agate one which the Sultan believes
 to be his.

How They are Pronounced by So-
 ciable People.
 Long time he'd been away from home,
 The Reverend Mr. Harris,
 He'd like to be returned he told his wife
 That he had been to Paris.

When he asked his wife about
 His little girls and boys
 To go together, and see Paris
 An aunt in Illinois.

She said she was in failing health,
 And if he had the means
 He'd like to take a trip herself
 As fit as new Orleans.

He said, "My dear, you'll have the trip
 The proper thing to do is
 To go together, and see Paris
 The steamer at St. Louis.


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 This powder never varies. A marvelous
 purity, strength, and wholesomeness.
 economical than the ordinary brands,
 cannot be beaten in competition with the
 of the world. Sold everywhere in
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ABSOLUTELY PURE
 CONTAGIOUS
 DISEASES ARE PREVALENT
 OVER THE WORLD

I was a native of England, and while
 in that country I contracted the
 blood-poison, and for two years was
 treated in an hospital, England, but was
 cured. I suffered the most agonizing
 in my bones and was covered with
 all over my body and limbs. I had
 and desolates with neural lues
 severe pains in my head and eyes,
 which nearly ran me crazy. I took
 in that country and sailed for America
 was treated at Rosewell, in this city
 well as by a prominent physician in
 my having no connection with the
 poison.

On my advertisement of Swift's
 cure, I determined to give it a trial
 and I was cured. I had gone through the hard-
 est of the best medical men in Nottingham
 and I was cured by any of the
 and I can say with great joy that they
 cured me entirely. I am as sound and
 I ever was in my life.

L. FRED. HALL, JR.
 NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 12, 1895.

BLOOD
 is the life, and he is who who remem-
 ber. But in March of last year (1894)
 I was afflicted with the blood-poison,
 and at the time, I went into the
 hospital for treatment. I suffered
 much from the disease, and I was
 I did not get well under the treat-
 ment, and I was cured by any of the
 and I have now taken seven bottles
 of Swift's specific, and am sound and
 well. I have no more pain, and I
 can say with great joy that they
 cured me entirely. I am as sound and
 I ever was in my life.

DAN LEE,
 JERSEY CITY, N. J., August 7, 1895.

Two years ago I contracted blood-po-
 ison. After prostrations from three
 physicians here and at Dallas, I com-
 menced to visit Hot Springs, Ark., and
 Chas. A. Neill recommended me
 Swift's specific, assuring me that it
 would cure me more than Swift's
 though I

POISON
 had produced great holes in my back
 and caused excruciating pain. I was
 head, yet I began to improve in a
 week, and the sores began to heal.
 I was cured in a few days, and I
 can say with great joy that they
 cured me entirely. I am as sound and
 I ever was in my life.

DAN LEE,
 CANTON, TEXAS, July 13, 1895.

After taking prostrations from three
 physicians here and at Dallas, I com-
 menced to visit Hot Springs, Ark., and
 Chas. A. Neill recommended me
 Swift's specific, assuring me that it
 would cure me more than Swift's
 though I

PORTER USTON,
 CANTON, TEXAS, July 13, 1895.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COM-
 PANY, 106 WALL STREET, NEW YORK
 west Twenty-third street.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
 At a recent prostration from three
 physicians here and at Dallas, I com-
 menced to visit Hot Springs, Ark., and
 Chas. A. Neill recommended me
 Swift's specific, assuring me that it
 would cure me more than Swift's
 though I

STARTLING FACT
 You Cannot Afford to Ignore
 These Things.

The following article appears in a recent
 issue of the New York Commercial Advertiser:—"An ex-
 traordinary case of blood-poison, which
 had the color of clay, which he said did not
 improve under the treatment of any of the
 doctors, and which he said was cured by
 Swift's specific, and which he said was
 cured by any of the doctors."

CASSANDRA S. STANLEY
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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS CURE
 Dr. J. B. Gentry, who suffered from
 dyspepsia and indigestion for many
 for two years. He received almost
 instant relief and was eventually cured.

PERSONAL
 ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE
 Having qualified as administratrix
 of the estate of J. B. Gentry, deceased,
 I hereby notice to all persons who
 are indebted to the said estate, or
 who are entitled to receive from
 the said estate, to present their
 claims to me, at my office, at
 the residence of Charles A. Neill, at
 Hot Springs, Arkansas, on or before
 the 1st day of March, 1896.
 J. B. Gentry, Administratrix.

ap 20-d 1895

[illegible][illegible][illegible]